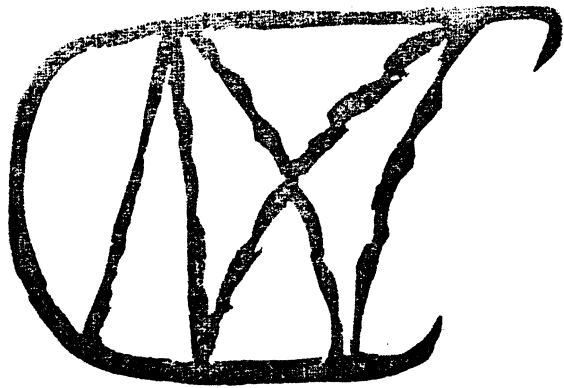
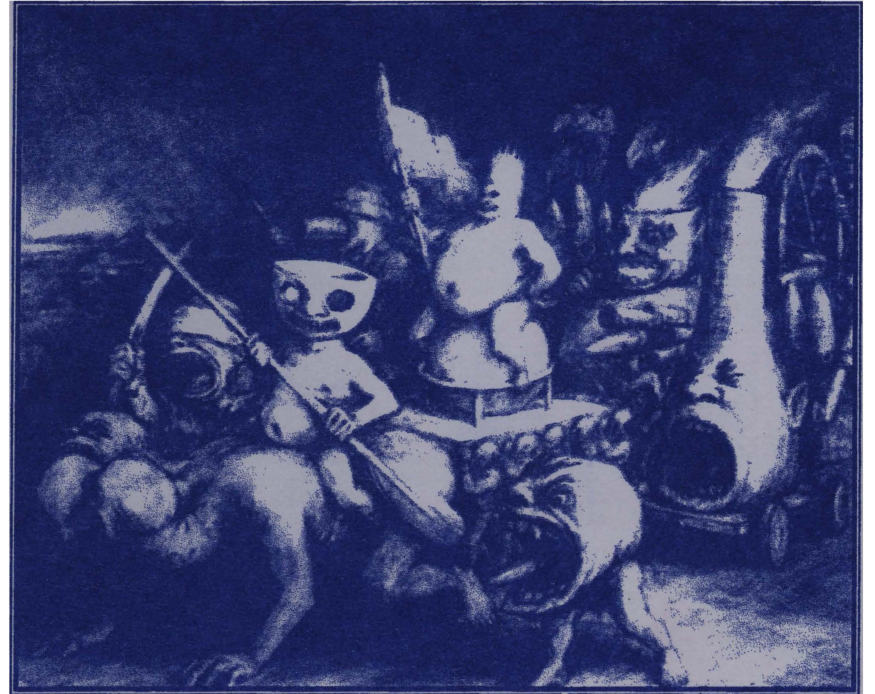


Enemy Combatant Publications



Geiger, Alabama

Men Disgust Me



by André Lorulot

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by André Lorulot
(Translated by Vincent Stone)

The Tricolored Warriors

They disgust me, these trembling and senile old fogies with their dried up sexes and tri-colored hearts. I hate them for the easy cruelty with which they send thousands upon thousands of innocent victims to mass graves.

“It’s for the homeland” they say, excusing themselves. But no! it’s for their egos. So that their antiquated ways can go on undisturbed.

During the war, they multiplied the infamies, the military tribunals. Thousands of sorry jerks condemned and shot, haphazardly and without thought. For dirty clothes, for an irritated reply to the provocations of a bastard in uniform, for a suspicion ... to the tourniquet¹. You’ve got to make examples if you want to keep up morale. The generals die in their beds... Perfect : Hidenbour, Foch, Lyautey, Joffre, Weygand, Ludendorff... At eighty years old. Slobbery and diarrhetic; congested prostate or failing liver; atrophied brain, like Castelnau; or with a hemorrhoid-eaten ass, like the Pope (yet another who never ended up on the field of battle and who was happy watching... from afar, with his accomplices, the marshals!)

The simple solder exposes his life, on the front line, knowing neither for what reason nor for whom... The general plays with his survey maps. “Should I write off the 23rd division today – or the fourteenth? Shall I unleash the killings upon the sector of Amiens or that of Soissons?”

How can men, worthy of the name, consent to enlist, to march in the ranks?

To put on a uniform is to give up one’s personality (It is true that this word has little signification for the better part of humanity).

Become like your neighbor. Resemble everybody else. That’s the ideal of banality and mediocrity. It’s the triumph of laziness and spinelessness. Think like the others, that saves you from thinking for yourself; relieves you from having to make an effort, the ideal of nitwits. I also loathe the uniform as it is the sign of servility, the symbol of obedience and discipline.

Preachers of Resignation

Religion is an old rag; these days it harbors little more than the turmoil of the chronically weak, the drivel of hopeless morons, or the cunning calculations of hideous charlatans, cold, hard tyrants, repugnant imposters. They disgust me, they who teach the lie, deliberately, voluntarily, to get their allowances, and to maintain a peaceful, even privileged, situation.

“To deserve paradise, my brothers, you must accept suffering down here. Patience! Docility! Resignation! Life is a test of hardship. But our good God, in proportion to the tears you shed, will surely compensate you.” Having so spoken, the imposter goes to sit at his table, in gallant and joyous company. Fine wines and succulent partridge. Savory fruits. Refined ratatouilles. Incendiary liqueurs. While the believers look to the sky and whimper. While the worms of the church murmur their illusory rosary prayers. While servitude and misery force the sorry dupes to kneel under the whip of the wealthy masters.

They drape themselves in their cassocks and in the dogmas of the Vatican to frighten the children with ridiculous legends, invoking hell and its tormentors, a Devil who would like to be scary, and an idiotic purgatory.

They disgust me, those who, knowing that religion is false, continue, out of self-interest, to teach it. As for sincere believers, I can only pity them.

I will gladly lose it on someone who tells me that religion soothes the savage beast. Religion, it's fanaticism – the most contrary thing to the spirit of fraternity. Religion, it's intolerance, hatred to the point of fervor. In the name of God, they've made rivers of blood flow. Nothing but massacres, crusades, persecutions! And the wars of religion? The curé gang doesn't care so much for when we remind them of the ferocious “glories” of the Church... And it continues. In the Indies, Muslims and Buddhists slaughter each other at any opportunity. In Palestine, the Arabs and the Jews are a spectacle of furious hatred.

Suckers

“Shall I be a christian, since I live in London or Madras? Shall I be Muslim, since I was born in Turkey? I should only think for myself, in my own interest, the choice of religion is for me my biggest concern. You love a God à la Mohammed; and you one by the Dalai Lama; and you one by the Pope. Wow! Pitiful... loving a god for your own reasons. A man who accepts his religion, without scrutiny, differs little from a yoked oxen.”

—Voltaire

true! But... find me another intelligent reason for continuing to live!!

To conclude

"You yourselves cause the evils about which you complain. It is you who encourage tyranny by a cowardly adulation of its power, by an imprudent infatuation of false kindness, by the self-abasement in obedience, by the license in liberty, by the credulous welcoming of every deception. Who will you punish for the faults of your own ignorance and greed?"

—Volney

I've searched. I've tried everything. I've tasted all the fruits. My disappointments were numerous. Money? That trash, for which so many villainies are committed... Glory? notoriety? Reveries of clowns, who think they dazzle the other clowns. Ambition? a puff of smoke. Self-seeking? baseness. Religion? Pitiful expression of the heebie-jeebies.

I've found only three sources of comfort.

First, Action. Any action, as high and as aesthetic as possible. Put a lot into it. Work. Fight. Are the results paltry? No matter! Action is the savior because it helps us get outside of ourselves.

Science. Study. Enrich your brain. Strive to get to know this mysterious and indifferent world a little better.

Love. Find yourself a beloved. With no other hope but to catch a little sunlight in her eyes and to see her smile. Forget, in a kiss, the darkness of the world and the dullness of life.

No, it isn't true: life does not disgust me. I've always loved it, passionately. Even without illusions, even without hope. I will continue, to my last breath, cherishing, singing praises to ... Life! It is friendship, faithful and disinterested, the rarest flower, but also the most precious. It's the kiss of a beloved woman, the gentle pressure of her pretty fingers, a glance from her clear eyes... To embrace her superb flesh... Forget all the misery in the world in plunging myself into her perfumed hair... Next, take a good book... oh books, those too, I have passionately loved them, much more than men. Old, dusty books, who will never deceive and who comfort with their wisdom... A good book... a beloved woman... And up there, in the blue sky, an all-white cloud floats by. Thusly, life can be beautiful, if humans were a little less egoistic, a little less mean...

(Abridged from a longer pamphlet published in 1939)

This is not a chapter, it's an entire volume, and a large volume, that I must write, if I am to enumerate the different categories of faults and fools that evolve on this planet, to the great profit of astrologers, bishops, fortune-tellers, sorcerers, priests and swindlers of all sort.

It will suffice for me to just open a few Catholic parish bulletins in order to give our readers a glimpse of the superstition of the masses. In the middle of the 20th century there are still millions of suckers who adhere and contribute to the multitude of guignolesque organizations, to save their soul, escape Satan, pull their mothers-in-law from purgatory or to kiss² (morally) the Virgin Mary in eternal paradise.

There is even an arch-brotherhood of Saint Barbara, to prevent sudden death.

"Let us give thanks to Saint Barbara, for having converted M.A., who does not practice his religion."

"Five Francs to Saint Barbara, for having healed many people and secured the passing of a test."

It's truly a river of cash that these superstitious suckers pour into the pockets and the bellies of these cassocked wolves.

"II – One may also ask to request the burning of candles or lamps before the relics, the statue and on the altar of Saint Barbara.

"Lamps: one day, 0 fr. 75; nine days, 5 fr.; one month 15 fr.

"Candles: One franc or more.

"III. - Saint Barbara medallion, Virgin and Martyr, struck especially for members, at the following prices:

"Aluminum: 0 fr. 20 each or a dozen for 2 fr. - Silver: 1 fr. 75 each or a dozen for 13 fr.

"IV. - Small colored images (very pretty) with the Member prayer printed on the back, postage paid : 0 fr. 50 each or a dozen for 5 fr."

Have a look at the the Holy Childhood:

"Come to the aid of your little pagan brothers.

"Redeem a moribund infant, who will be baptized in your name (5 francs).

"Redeem an abandoned child (15 francs) who, thanks to you, will be

baptized and raised in the Catholic religion.

“Become a member of the Legion of Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus: offering of 52 francs”

Ah! those little Chinese children! With this they have made millions for the Vatican, before it favored the massacre of the Chinese by Japan, just to menace the Soviets...

“For all donations of 1000 fr., a very large reproduction of a marvelous rose petal in which an image of a Holy face appears.”

And in the annals of the Association of the Holy Childhood (April 1938), I read: “Did you know that you can help our missions by giving us old jewelry, pendants, medallions, watches, etc. which lie in the bottoms of your dresser drawers? The salvation of many souls might depend on your gifts! Send your old jewelry to: 44, rue du Cherche-Midi, Paris.”

Clearly, you’ve got to work at keeping the poor saps in their credulity. The charlatans do their best, by any means necessary, to dupe the clientele. Religions rest purely on false relics, imagined miracles, rigged miracles, and completely fabricated idiotic legends. The flock is systematically stultified, plunged into deception and lies. One simple example: June 23rd, 1938, 250 people in Jaules (Charente) were intoxicated as a result of having eaten “holy bread” the day of the first communion. The next day, the Cross coldly announced that these people were poisoned by cakes purchased at a stall during a local fair. Yet it was not the stall vendors, but a pâtissier in Angoulême who made the holy bread (and not the cakes) and the bystanders swallowed this diarrhetic stuff not on the fairgrounds, but in the church, after the curate blessed it.

The example of the Cross shows that these gentlemen [the journalists] are completely capable of lying so as to conserve the prestige religion once had – which is falling apart more and more each day. Because, well, holy bread shouldn’t spread colic and make you sick!

When an automobile bearing a “Saint Christopher” medallion rolls into a ravine, when a church burns, do we not have proof that divine protection is a vast joke? These holy gangs practice the most shameful swindling in robbing these silly fools, who someone took the time to so deeply brainwash when they were young.

The Dirty Totalitarian Bastards

What self-righteous monsters! What hypocrites, what Tartuffes, what

They hardly enjoy themselves, but they make it seem as if they are interested in many things that are popular, to be like the others, so as not to seem behind.

Okay. I’m a determinist. I know that individuals are the product of a milieu in which they live and after which they are fashioned. It’s for this reason that I bear no hatred for them. Disgust, yes. Hatred, no. Because it’s not their fault that they are ridiculous, egoistic, jealous and cruel.

The serpent isn’t responsible either. It isn’t his fault if he was born a serpent and that he possesses mortal venom. They smash him all the same, the serpent.

As for me I don’t want to smash or assault anybody. I simply distance myself. I go away to find slightly less polluted air...

That which I admire

An Ignoramus can be as noble as a Savant. A poverty-stricken person can have more pride than a bourgeois. A millionaire can have the mentality of a stooge. That which makes the grandeur of man is his power to say: No! To refuse to do something wrong, any filthy act – no matter how lucrative.

If someone were to give you a million, ten million, a hundred million... would you assassinate your mother? Is it necessary to respond No? Better to say: rather die a hundred times myself than to spill the blood of a human being, to oppress him or to deprive him.

Poverty over shame in my old age! If I deceive my ideal and my friends, I disgust myself.

Those are the men I admire. Those who are incapable of sacrificing their interest in an Idea, in Love, in a noble Goal. If the idea is false, too bad. If the loved one is vile; if the Goal is unattainable; if man abnegates himself for an Error; too bad. Obeying only the sincerity of his reason and his heart; I would consider him, if he is capable of remaining unselfish and poor, among the heroes of our flat world.

March towards the Light... Harm nobody, work for Justice and Reason... Never grovel to a master; refuse all degradations, trafficking and prostitution where the grimacing larva with whom we rub elbows every day wallow... This is the Ideal towards which we must strive, above the Parties and the Sects. Achieve and clean our Conscience. Resist influences from a corrupt environment. Repel all lies and all hypocrisies. What a giant effort to undertake! Arduous effort – and always starting over... Tiresome and disappointing, it’s

Think of the living instead! Do your duty to them! Don't wait until they've left this life to express your attachment, patience, kindness... Don't try to acquit yourselves with a few flowers and an annual visit to the mass grave. Your conscience clearly demands little!

How many hypocrites, moreover, in these frivolous masses?

Those who have committed the worst of infamies against the dead – and who would then shed false tears, when he is no longer there...

The flowers that you bring to them, they will simply not see them. In reality, it's not for them that you take them, it's for you – and for the gallery.

Public opinion, that old and tyrannical whore. "I can't have them believing that I don't think of my dead:" Always the fear of what will they say.

Let's go less frequently to the necropolises. Let's spend less money on wreaths and other funeral nonsense. Give toys to children instead of building tombs. Learn to live, oh you whose tears well up and who tremble before death, because you are incapable of understanding true grandeur.

Life itself

At times life itself disgusts me. I find it so grey, monotonous, daily... And with no way out. What's the point in fighting so, suffering so, grieving so, since you will have to, soon perhaps (and very quickly, anyway) renounce everything and succumb to death – yet another beautiful repugnance.

Always repeating the same words, and endlessly repeating the identical movements, it's tiring... And some days, the despondency is so great that you fall to bitterness. To the point of surrendering and renouncing everything.

One should not ask too much of life. One shouldn't reflect too much, think too much, dream too much. The demands of the heart and the mind, when they are too big, end up depressing you.

At the base, why do men cling so much to life? I understand it less and less.

They're bored. They suffer. They never stop railing and moaning.

They dream up the most varied and comical amusements and the day after another distasteful binge, they'll say to you "I laughed so hard!"

But they're not fooling anybody. If they manage to dizzy themselves for a moment, sadness and boredom will return shortly...

egoists! To protect their cash, they're ready to commit the worst atrocities – on the condition, of course, that they don't expose their soft, limpid flesh. They fight by proxy and their determination is no weaker for it, on the contrary. [a propos the bourgeois who lynched the Communards]

And our good friends in America, get their kicks lynching negroes, torturing them, skinning them alive, burning them after dousing them with petrol... They then go off to the temple or the church, plunging themselves with devotion into the holy Bible.

The Weathervanes

A lovely weathervane: the Pope! Very rare are the people who would dare attack the old sorcerer of the Vatican. To save the privileges of the Holy gang, the Pope is ready for any volte-face, any retraction, for somersaults. He blessed Hitler, hoping that he, who is Catholic, would favor him. Then he fought him with all he could, when he saw that the Führer refused to reap the benefits. He organized a global crusade against the Soviets, because they pushed around popes and curates. He did the same against Mexico. But tomorrow he will lick the boots of Stalin and the Mexicans, if he can find some benefit therein. In 1934, he asked the Spanish Catholics to support the legitimate government against the rebels. Because that cockroach Gil Roblès was in power and the rebels were a threat! But three years later, the same Pope sent an official ambassador to the rebel Franco – because the legitimate government was secular (the fascist coup d'état moreover was conspired by the Vatican).

He blesses Mussolini, advises Dollfuss and Salazar, plots with Poincaré, Daladier and their consorts. He who speaks of peace – and blesses the canons! He's a representation of the destitute Jesus – and lives in a wonderful palace! He sings of Fraternity – and collaborates with all of the tyrants! In 1895, Pope Leon XIII supported the Ethiopians against Italy to menace Minister Crispi, who was a Freemason. Forty years later, Pie XI blessed the Italian assassins, on their way to exterminate the Ethiopians.

But the little idiotic weathervanes are innumerable in quantity. They change their opinions knowing neither why nor how, because someone tells them to change. The brains of these people are sponges; they absorb whatever is around them.

Prostitutes of the Pen

The most despicable of tyrants has always found a multitude of courtesans. The greater his cruelty, the more enormous the cowardice of his admirers. They will rival their conspicuous gallantry to praise his genius, his grandeur,

and his courage. They shower him with compliments and compare him to the most illustrious men...

Who is more repugnant? Is it the cruel tyrant, who manages men with a whip and who has anyone interfering with his ambitions tortured or assassinated? Is it not, rather, he who prostrates himself before him, who licks the blood from his boots, who fawns on and glorifies the Assassin? The shallowness of the slave disgusts me at least as much as the sadistic and ambitious madness of the master.

The Reign of “Gaudiness” and Over Actors

“It’s with such trifles that one leads men. It’s with an elixir of pompous nonsense and symbolic charms that one leads men, as you want them, where you want them, to the ends of the earth... Respect for ceremony... striking uniforms, with which to shock the imagination of the idiotic crowds”

—Napoleon I.

The idols you gaze upon ascend by mere shams, stagings.

Me, I close my eyes. And I picture him (the performer) seated on his pot the next morning. Goodbye to your halo, Oh my empress!

Dazzle the others! Male or Female, that’s all they think about; all they live for. Amaze your friends, ladies above all, with a new dress and the latest hat. When they go to visit their friends, it’s not out of friendship, it’s to make their friends jealous by flaunting a coat “that they haven’t seen yet,” boots, and a brand new handbag. And the others are obliged to admire, or to act like it, sick at heart. They’ll make up for it after you leave, with relish, the showoff!

What pleasure can you get impressing these idiots? Superficial people, whose opinion or judgement has absolutely no importance and no value? The truth is it’s to dominate them, to make them believe you’ve got a lot of dough and that no one will refuse you anything, to get drunk on contrived – and often nonexistent – superiority. You don’t live for yourselves, but for others.

Bystanders, Followers, and Sheep

Among the daily activities of man how many are truly free, spontaneous, sincere? Not many. One obeys routine, habits, fashion. Slavery to fashion, today, weighs mostly on women. But the men of today, most of all the youth, show themselves to be just as stupid, just as sheep-like. Doubtless this is due to their mental mediocrity, the desolate emptiness of their brains; their absolute lack of personality. Our contemporaries are completely deprived of

Braggarts. Seeking to dazzle your fellow man, that’s to take him for an imbecile – while devaluing yourself. You’ve got to have quite a mediocre brain to brag about your professional competence, the size of your biceps, the cut of your pants, the number of your decorations, your successes in sports or your university diplomas. A philosopher knows that the idea of personal merit is contrary to reason, to fraternity: for a philosopher is a determinist before all else.

If I am less intelligent, weaker, not as good-looking as my fellow man, is it my fault? Why does he seek to lower me down further by expressing his superiority in an ostentatious and pretentious way?

Indeed, if the people who only think of making love from morning to night offend me, those who act, sincerely or not, like they despise pleasures of the flesh offend me even more. It’s often the Tartuffes, surrendering to the most vile depravities, all the while proclaiming that coitus is filthy. Others are truly chaste. They are the virtue-ass ones, the ass-tere, as I said above. They feel nothing, they desire nothing, and are surprised that other people aren’t like them. Never being hungry, they want to prevent me from eating. This pretension strikes me as abusive. If their heart is dried up and their sex is shriveled, too bad or so much the better for them, but may they leave those of their contemporaries who are apt in fornication in peace. These hypocrites are cumbersome bores. They expurgate literature and censor the cinema and the music hall. They ceaselessly rail against the easing of social norms and are continuously occupied with sniffing the rear ends of their contemporaries (women included) to find a place for their... muzzles! Far from saving morality, they make people detest it, by making it hideous, against nature, filthy.

Cult of the Dead

I really don’t like going into cemeteries. But on the first of November, I never step foot in one, never. It is quite natural to think of those we have lost, but why do it on a fixed date?

You will again find me to be original, not “like everyone else”! My sentiments are not regulated by custom. I do not need to look at the calendar to know if I have to think about the dead today rather than in a week.

I watch them with pity, lugging their pots of chrysanthemums, thousands of automatons moving towards the gloomy places where the dead peacefully rot.

Placing a few flowers on a tombstone is a puerile gesture, but not exempt of a certain poetry – on condition that it’s done freely and spontaneously. If the gesture is dictated by routine, it loses, in my eyes, all value.

So much the better for them (or so much the worse, maybe?). I don't understand how they can get the slightest vainglory from it. And that they can act so arrogantly as to appraise the activities of others. Everyone eats to their own appetite. I won't force anyone to wolf down a meal identical to mine, and I can't allow the ascetic to prevent me from eating or to spit in my plate.

Were this the case, it would be the shrunken, the slow, and the frozen governing the world. Or the hypocrites: those who preach abstinence, chastity, renouncement, and who... stuff their faces in secret. In public they fake disgust. But when they let their instincts take over, they stuff themselves silly!

Yet it would be so simple to let everyone be free. Eat, drink, smoke, sing, play, kiss⁴ ... as you wish. Simply avoid bothering others. I will do it as much as I please. I don't want anyone to oblige or to prevent. I will freely choose my time, my diet, my partner. If I go on a diet and I suffer, too bad for me – and I won't go complaining about it to the morose or uptight people I know.

...Not only do they disgust me, moralistic autocrats, but they give me the furious desire, in order to acquire peace and protect my liberty, to send them my foot...somewhere (to warm it up a bit).

Everybody is a hypocrite. The atmosphere forces us to be. Myself just as much as the others. It is nearly impossible to be sincere in every circumstance and with all individuals. You can't always speak the truth, say precisely what you think. You're afraid to displease or to ruffle. So you make it seem like you approve of things that you find repugnant. Such an attitude isn't very dignified. For want of anything better, let's force ourselves to at least be quiet when we can't speak proudly and frankly! Let us loathe the lie. Let us never consent to morally demean ourselves, to reduce ourselves, or to make ourselves clowns. Let's politely avoid that. It will be cleaner.

Elevate man. Always aim higher. Always see something bigger and more beautiful... You giggle? Do you bask in mental mediocrity? Touching mud no longer revolts you? Then you deserve my pity. But allow me, my friend, to disregard your objections. Since when did the blind show the way to those who see clearly? Is he with a plugged nose qualified to say the stink doesn't exist? And will he with a dull brain come to rise up against the big words that he doesn't understand and the noble ideas that are beyond him?

That would be ridiculous – and yet it is apparent every day.

Régismanset was correct to write: "There are people who don't smell bad odors. Likewise, there are those who see no evil."

And these half-wits have the pretension to regulate healthy, sensitive, virile, normal people...

originality: Humanity looks like a great flock. Mass-produced thought. Mass-produced behavior.

Parrakeets

The sheep mind shows up in language as it does in all other domains. Listen in on a few conversations, in any social setting, and you will be struck at the following fact: people use a sort of slang, they repeat fashionable expressions. Their thought is mass-produced – and they speak like parrakeets.

Be like a parrakeet, that's a lot less tiring! No need to search, to reflect, to ask yourself. All you have to do is go on repeating like a phonograph.

Tyrants from Below

People, beware of demagogues! They are your worst enemies. They caress you, but only so they can fleece you. At heart, they despise you and mock you, but they need your shoulders to win the jackpot (which will not be for you). They hate you and if they could really put the screws on you in one good blow, it would be done quickly. Later, perhaps. For the moment, they need your voices, your votes, and your contribution. Thus they will tell you that you are big, noble, and beautiful, and that you have all the rights and at the same time, all of the virtues. If you believe this, you are in idiot – and you are lost.

Speaking the truth to the worker, the whole truth, even when it is painful to hear, it is perhaps the best means of serving their cause and working toward their true liberation. They disgust me, those who tell the People that total and universal wellness is coming and that there's no need to make an effort or to perfect oneself. They lie – willingly. For that matter it is in their interest, the masters, or the aspiring masters, to prevent the masses from learning. Is it not in correcting themselves that the masses become capable of progressing and taking charge of their own destiny? When that day arrives, the bosses and leaders, having grown useless, will have nothing left to do but disappear.

Once we said: the People. Today we say: the Masses. Once we said: your leaders. Is that to say that the taxpayers and voters are all ... irresponsible?³ Which is to say foolhardy?

What a disdain for the individual! More and more, conformism triumphs. Human personality is not well known. What am I saying?: it's disappearing. If it existed, it would show itself, it would react, it would growl. All it can do now is bay, applaud and spinelessly follow its leaders who are taking it to the slaughterhouse... In the grand leveling of the social herd, MAN is becoming more and more rare. And they're making life harder and harder for him...

Human Ingratitude

He who is skeptical is never naïve; he's never really tricked when he knows, and when he's conscious of it. It's not so much blindness as voluntarily closing one's eyes. The ingrate is a crawling egoist, without a moral drive, without courage... If he ever was courageous, previously, would he have begged, pleaded? Before ending up this way, he would have exhausted all means of action, if he has put his dignity to rest in asking you, it's already a bad sign. I really don't like friends who reach out to me. I also don't like those who go off telling everybody that they did this or that for Durand or Dupont, showering them in their generosity, spreading their goodwill out to all quarters and who are taking heaven and earth as witness to the magnificence of their sentiments.

The ingrate thought he robbed you? It's he who is robbed. He will lose five times more than he would have gained otherwise. Idiot! He will lose your heart, your strength of love and goodwill... For one hundred francs, he will abandon the spontaneity of your whims, the softness of your look, the comforts of your familiar conversations...

Athletes

Soccer, boxing, or bikes, it makes little difference the genre of hobby. But the athlete almost always has an atrophied or deformed brain. He'll go two hundred kilometers to kick around a ball, but he won't go twenty meters to hear a philosophy or science lecture, from which he might learn something. The "performance" of a hock or bicep enthuse him. Considered as a rational exercise of the physical culture, sports can be beneficial, even very beneficial, in our ultra-civilized clusters. But when the championships come; when the guys from Sochaux go five hundred kilometers to match up with those from another godforsaken place, then we verge into cretinism. This rabble thinks of nothing but crushing its adversaries. Its warrior instincts, more or less barbaric, awaken. They get drunk on an idiotic vainglory. The true human values are completely unknown. The athlete is an empty-headed puppet. Ripe for fascism, the church, gruesome spectacles and all types of exploitation.

Moralists

"Let he who is without sin cast the first stone". Among the innumerable banalities that the Church attributes to the kindly ghost who was named Jesus Christ, this is certainly one of the least flat and least empty. Consequently, entire generations went into ecstasies before these words, which pretend to bear the highest lesson of wisdom and humanity.

Obviously, he who has sinned is unqualified to throw a stone at another. But

he who has not sinned, is he any more qualified? That's the whole question.

Very few men have had the courage to pose it cleanly and frankly. First you would have to come to an understanding of the word "sinned". What is that exactly?

If you consider an act which seems natural and normal to me shameful and call it sinning, how can we come to an agreement? When Jesus delivered (supposedly) the words mentioned above, it was in regards to a woman adulteress, who they wanted to stone to death, as per the soft Jewish custom. "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." And nobody dared to come forward. They slipped away one after the other. Jesus remained alone with the sinner and gave her forgiveness (and nothing else?)

All of the gluttons left. Because they had all cheated on their wives. Under these conditions, they could say nothing... How can you reproach your neighbor for something you yourself have done?

I could epilogue on this subject: is cheating on your wife really a sin? Does the real crime not consist in, to put it precisely, wanting to lock Love up into a network of stifling constraints and severe and tyrannical regulations? He who commits adultery is simply a man (or woman) who lacks satisfaction, moral or physiological, and who is dominated by amorous aspirations. He may be making a mistake, and that isn't rare, but that's simply none of our business, he is obeying the great universal push of beings towards pleasure. That's an egoist, surely (and the others, too!). But so long as he respects the personality of his neighbor and he doesn't use deception or brutality to get his satisfaction, why would we have the right to give an opinion – and above all to intervene?

That being said, let's examine now the case of the gentleman or lady who has never sinned – and who will have, by virtue of this fact, the right to through stones at me. One of two things: either they've had the desire to sin; or they have not.

If they never have, they don't know what it is. By what right could they, under these conditions, criticize those who are made differently than they?

Have they felt, on the contrary, the desire to commit a sin? In this case, they must have fought to not follow an impulse they consider to be dangerous (or that was presented to them as such). This struggle was more or less pitiful and they managed to put on the breaks. This "victory," would it truly be beneficial, either for them or the other? We might allow ourselves to doubt it, but isn't that the question there? Let us rather ask if the fact of achieving mastery over one's own temperament confers the right upon them to demand that their neighbor do the same. Such a reasoning could take us a long way. If they could defeat their urges, it's because they have the strength to do it.